# Alabaster Lamps

By Margaret Turnbull

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**STORY FROM THE START**

Claude Melnotte Dabbs returns from New York to his general grocery in Peace Valley, Pa. With him comes Ned Carter, a stranger, whom Dabbs introduces to "Aunt Lyddy," his old housekeeper, as a nephew. Later Dabbs admits to Aunt Lyddy that Carter is a chance acquaintance, veteran of the World war, whom he had met in New York and taken a liking to. Carter tells that he has broken with his family and his fiancee because of their ultra pacific leanings.

CHAPTER II—Continued

—3—

will, if you think you'll stay e," Claude replied eagerly.

course I'll stay, and what's I'm going to help. Motoring nothing to me. Let me tag u and look things over; be of can."

looked immensely pleased. "By Jiminy! That'll be great! Suppose you drive with me to Clover Hollow with the orders. You can always pretend you are a stranger getting a lift, or you can jump off and admire the scenery when we get there. You don't look like the grocer's boy, you know."

"Well, I am," affirmed Ned. "My looks may be against me, but it isn't kind of you to rub it in. I'm your man for delivery or anything else." Ned watched Claude Dabbs handle the reins. Like everything else he did, he drove skillfully, but apparently without giving it all his attention.

On the way, he told Ned that the car was out and Sim needed the truck for the express stuff—an explanation of why they were using Jenny and the wagon. But Ned was secretly convinced that the wagon was being used as a test of his own endurance, and smiled to himself at C. M.'s guile.

Ned was the target for many curious, unwinking stares before they left the short main street. At last the village lay behind them and the road ran winding past quaint homesteads and inviting side roads.

Winding Willow road was its name, Claude informed Ned as they neared the top of the hill. Ned looked about him, absorbed in the panorama of comfortable farmland and wooded hills. He realized that the lovely road lived up to the first part of its name. It wound on and on and not too smoothly. There were steep hills and sharp turns before them, but Claude had arrived at a place where he might relax and talk.

"By Jiminy! It's good to be out of doors! I make a break once in so often and take out a lot of orders, so's not to get too fat and lazy."

Ned smiled. He had suspected that C. M. was trying him out, and now he was sure.

Dabbs turned and looked at the young man's face with great content.

"You do like Peace Valley. Just as I felt you would. Grand country, isn't it?"

"Beautiful! I don't see how one could be restless or disappointed down here."

"It's a queer thing," Mr. Dabbs answered introspectively, "how this place take all the spunk out of some people and makes them so mild and ladylike there's no stirring them up to any sort of decent ambition. You'll soon see that the folks brought up around here are terrible hard to 'rouse. I've felt that way often myself. Then sometimes there are days when suddenly the very peace of it gets on your nerves, sorta slaps you in the face. I've felt that, too. But when I go away from here, I want to come back, and it's the d—dest, hardest place to leave that I ever knew." He slapped Jenny lightly with the whip. "If it was anyone else I was talking to, they'd think I talked like a fool about my own place. But you get me, don't you?"

"It doesn't sound foolish to me. I think I feel its charm already."

"And yet, when I was your age, Ned, how I kicked at being kept here, tied to a country store." He pointed his whip to a group of buildings at the foot of the gentle incline before them.

"That's Clover Hollow. What do you think of it?"

Ned saw several detached houses, most of them built of stone, more or less elaborate in design, except where they were merely the original farmhouse, or laborer's cottage, remodeled and enlarged but retaining some of the original simplicity of form. They were set in the midst of gardens and lawns, some of them quite extensive.

"Attractive looking spot. But what is it?"

"It's a joke on the man that built it," Claude said thoughtfully, "and I ought to know because I'm his agent. You see, he thought out this scheme for bringing a good class of people into the neighborhood, and by so doing boost his native village, financially and otherwise. And this is what he got!

"It's a kind of collection of good-natured cranks," Dabbs resumed, after waiting for comment, which did not come. "They call it a community, and they call themselves workers, thinkers, writers, artists, leaders of the new revolt, and a lot of other names. Everything except a plain American citizen lives there. But there's no harm in any of 'em. They are just people with money enough not to work, and yet a burning desire to do something for a living that won't hamper 'em none."

He laughed. "It's funny, Ned, how nowadays people feel they have to have some excuse besides their money for living. Money was enough when I was young. It isn't any more."

He chuckled at the thought. "The way I reason it, is that people who are just a little off on some one thing become so much of a darned nuisance that ordinary people either laugh at them or try to run away. This makes them band together so as to get an audience somehow. At Clover Hollow they can have meetings and argue as often as they like. If one man does all the talking one day, he knows he's got to listen the next.

"Take this house we're coming to now. It's called a cottage, but it takes five servants to run it. Professor O'Toole, who lives there, drinks something a good deal stronger than tea. He told me that the purity of his Gaelic depended on a diet of new potatoes, cream and whisky. Don't know where he gets his stuff, nor how he gets it past the revenue officers, but his cellar's full. He's against everything on God's green earth except the Irish republic. I can't help hoping Ireland never is a republic, for if it is, Professor O'Toole will be a terribly disappointed man. He'll have nothing left to live for, or talk about.

"Course he don't work for his living. His English uncle left him so much 'unearned increment' that he just has to use some of it up on De Valera and that bunch."

He looked at Ned, and added: "Awful pleasant fellow, though. You'd like to talk to him."

"This is amazing!" Ned said. "Next house?"

"That's the show place. M. Adolphus Mannheim, the East side millionaire who married a settlement worker, lives there. He's a good provider and a nice fellow, if there ever was one. He's also got some excuse for talking kinda wild. Seems before he made his millions in a chain of stores over here, his family were Russian Jews and had what he calls 'pogroms' happen to them. A pogrom seems to be some sort of excuse for raging round at things in general.

"But Mrs. Mannheim, why, she sorta forgets. Some of us knew her as Lizzie Harrigan, a school-teacher at Fellow's Corners twenty miles away. Lizzie always was a restless spirit, and she made a strike for freedom and the city. She's got Mannheim flattered to death and fooled, but she can't fool Peace Valley. Leaves her big automobile around the corner, and in a plain shirtwaist and skirt and a sad smile tries to stir up the girls at the factory to fight for their rights. They chew their gum and laugh at her. Fellow's Corners ain't so far but some of us have heard of Lizzie Harrigan's rich marriage. She got a hint of that last time she tried to make a strike leader of herself and found she was the whole strike. She's all for plain living and high thinking, and look where she lives! Five maids, a cook and a chauffeur. And clothes! Lizzie struck luck when she married Mannheim."

"I know Mrs. Mannheim," Ned said, to Dabbs' complete astonishment, and Ned's voice was hard. "I'd rather go to her kitchen door with groceries any day, than to her front door. Who started this blot on the landscape?"

Dabbs visibly started. He shot a quick glance at Ned, but the younger man did not notice the look.

"Isn't 'blot on the landscape' a little strong?" he inquired anxiously. "You see I'm the agent for the man who bought the land cheap, and thought it'd make a good investment as an exclusive residence place. He had a good architect come down here, who was crazy about remodeling old houses, and soon Mr. Mannheim and a man called Green got interested, and they brought the rest here."

"I suppose," Ned began reflectively, as though he had scarcely been listening, "that Mrs. Mannheim thought she could get together a set of her own down here, and drag Mannheim away from his friends."

"Don't know," Dabbs answered, a trifle bewildered at Ned's intimate knowledge of these people. "That's Green's house over there, among the trees, where we're going next. Green's a character. He can talk white into looking black, and the other way round. He was a professor, of something or other, in some college. He's in Russia now."

"Who has the house now?"

"Don't just know. It was rented by the New York agency when I was away. I didn't see the name Sim put on the order, so I can't tell you whether it's money or just views, but should think it would be money and views. Sometimes, you know, a regular family, just looking for peace and quiet, land here. But it's generally one of the same."

He paused. "Jimmy! I've never talked so much to any one before. Of course being agent for the property I have to keep my mouth shut. But what would you do? Turn them out? Aren't they safer here than in some other place? Peace Valley's slow moving."

He looked appealingly at Ned, for evidently that "blot on the landscape" rankled.

Ned said nothing. He was frowning, staring straight ahead of him, seeing nothing. Dabbs, glancing at him, puzzled, explained further: "Of course, I've only given you my idea of them. I'd not set you against them, for anything. In fact, they might amuse you."

"They wouldn't," Ned interrupted vehemently. "I don't want to know them."

The wagon gave a final lurch as they turned the corner near the Mannheim's back gateway. A slender blonde girl came through the wrought-iron gates at a breakneck speed, pulled along by an infuriated young collie on a leash. Neither the girl nor the dog seemed able to stop, and Jenny would not.

Horse, dog and girl seemed as one in the cloud of dust that enveloped them.

As Dabbs pulled at the reins, Ned jumped over the side of the wagon and landed at the girl's feet.

"Peter!" she shrieked. "My precious dog! My Peter! You've killed him."

"D—m Peter!" Ned muttered sullenly. "What are you doing here, Dorothy?"

The girl looked at him amazed, then at the wagon and Mr. Dabbs, who had kept his seat and regained control over the horse. Peter, who had not been killed, doubled back and was now cowering against the girl, growling.

Dabbs quietly descended and took the box containing the Mannheim order from the back of the wagon. Ned turned abruptly, went toward the wagon and climbed to the seat.

"I'll deliver the order at the next house, Uncle Claude, and come back for you," he announced, and was gone before Claude could protest.

The girl, her attractive face painted like a bisque doll, stood staring at the rapidly disappearing wagon. Claude, wisely concluding that he had nothing to keep him, shouldered the box and went toward the house.

When he returned, a few minutes later, the girl was still standing there, holding the dog and blocking his exit. Dabbs could see at once that he was not to escape easily.

"Nice boy, Ned," Dabbs remarked warily.

"Uncle Claude!" the girl exclaimed accusingly. "Are you the late Mrs. Rangeley's brother?"

"Mrs. Rangeley!" Dabbs echoed. "Mean Mrs. Carter, don't you Miss Selden?"

"No, I mean Ned Carter Rangeley's mother."

"Ned Carter Rangeley!" Dabbs repeated. "You mean my boy Ned?"

"Then you aren't his real uncle?"

"He has always called me 'uncle,' though the relationship isn't quite so close."

Dorothy Selden looked at him shrewdly. "I'm willing to bet every penny in my purse," and she jangled the little costly beaded article and dropped it back into the deep trouser pocket of her expensive farmerette costume, "that you don't know who Loren Lorimer Rangeley is."

Dabbs could not help his jaw dropping a little. "I do, though," he answered quietly enough. "He is a big New York banker, one of the meanest men God ever let live."

"Knowing that," snapped the girl, "and knowing that Ned is his only son, why this silly pretense that his name is Carter only?"

"Ned has his reasons," he told her coldly, "and Rangeley deserves to be kept in the dark."

All right, then, Dorothy, just who is Loren Lorimer Rangeley? Does the plot get thicker or does it get thinner?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Good and Evil Omens Surround Honey Bees

Many women are interesting themselves in the art and business of beekeeping, and with skillful management it can be made a profitable industry. Much ancient lore is associated with the keeping of honey bees. They must be told when there is a death or wedding in the household, and their habits of swarming are omens of good or evil. If they swarm on the ground or on a dead tree someone is going to die, or there will be a famine, or something dreadful will happen. It is astonishing that country people ever kept bees if they believed in superstitions so liable as these to make them uncomfortable. They do not worry the modern beekeeper, for, like everything else, the business has been modernized and the old village straw beehive-maker has gone, together with many of the curious observances associated with bee keeping.

### *Reader's Cycle*

Every inveterate reader goes through an endless cycle in the kind of books he reads, according to one of the Detroit librarians. The cycle goes something like this: Fiction, poetry, biography, history, science—then it begins all over again with fiction. But it does not mean evolution for the reader, because on each lap he tends to improve the quality of the class of books he happens to be reading.

## BLOUSE FOR SPORTSWEAR; SHORT JACKET ENSEMBLE

SENTENCED to wear stripes! It is the verdict of the mode. The decree issues from the highest style courts. So it's the word for women of fashion, for the coming term of spring and summer.

The newer materials, silks, cottons and woolens, all exploit stripes—stripes colorful, and of exceptional novelty. It is well, therefore, when choosing the fabric for your spring frock or blouse, to keep in mind that stripes are "it," especially those that run in a horizontal way.

The subject of stripes, as interpreted in the spring fabric showings, is an inexhaustible one. They include narrow and wide versions, definite and indefinite types, pastel or vivid tones, and the very latest is ombre coloring.

Effectiveness of the new striping is largely due to the artful blending or contrasting of color. Exquisite combinations such as rose, brown, tan and cream or perhaps Madonna blue, beige and old rose compete with brilliant Roman stripes and the last word in striking effects is for bright yellows, greens, blues and reds variously striped on a white background.

For spring the blouse of striped flannel will pose over a skirt of the same material in solid coloring. The picture shows the result of the compose of a striped and plain fabric. Tan, brown and red-striped flannel for the blouse with plain tan flannel makes this smart sports frock. Notice that the stripes run horizontally, which is the fashionable thing for them to do. The new materials lend themselves to this horizontal design, in that the stripes are woven across the width of this season's piece goods.

Of outstanding interest are stripes placed in groups of three on cashmere ground in pure silk interweavings.

Striped taffetas subscribe to the new mode, and the latest ginghams are also striped—which all goes to show the prominent role stripes are playing in the season's fashions.

Blouse of Striped Flannel.

Nearly every couturier in Paris is exploiting the short jacket theme for midseason and early spring. For immediate wear the velvet jacket with wool checks or plaid for the skirt is the outstanding idea. So interesting have compose costumes of skirt and jacket become, Paris predicts a tremendous vogue for them with the arrival of spring.

Appropriate for the present is the velvet jacket with contrasting skirt, and for later on satin is appointed to take its place. Types such as are shown in the picture are being highlighted by Parisian stylists. Seen at Longchamp was this sports tailleur of black satin shown to the left. The jacket is cut along very soft and feminizing lines. The fact that the skirt is enriched with bands of velvet, shows how loathe is the designer to absent this beloved fabric from the style program. Which leads to an interesting bit of information, namely that midseason frocks of both cloth and silk retain velvet as a trimming.

Navy blue suede cloth is the chosen medium for the jacket pictured to the right. Here, too, is the trend of the vogue forespoken, for navy blue is down on the calendar of coming color events. The skirt is plaited in navy and beige.

Molyneux carries out the jacket costume in velveteen posed over woolen in matching color for the skirt, adding to this a jumper of rich brocade, thus creating an afternoon costume rich of fabric, and adaptable to varied occasion. Thus again does the short jacket mode involve a new style movement, namely, that of the blouse. All signs point to a coming season wherein the blouse will be of outstanding importance.

As for the short jacket, not only is it the personification of youth, but its possibilities are endless.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Two Paris Offerings.

## NEARBY AND YONDER

### Off the Beaten Path to Unusual Places and Things

By T. T. MAXEY

WNU Service

**Devil's Lake**

DEVIL'S LAKE—the great salt lake of North Dakota, the largest body of water between the great lakes and the Rockies—is about thirty miles long, from three to fifteen miles wide and, in places, from seventy to eighty feet deep.

Scientists believe that this peculiar location for such a lake lies in the fact that an ancient river valley became partially jammed with drift, leaving a submerged rock-lined area which naturally filled with water, forming this lake. Its source being in saline springs accounts for the saltiness of the water. The Indians, being suspicious of this water, called it "Minnewaukon"—meaning "evil water."

This lake was the scene of a tragic skirmish in frontier days between the United States troops, under command of General Sully, and the Sioux Indians, during which the latter were defeated and driven into the lake. Sully's Hill National park on the southern shore of the lake was established to commemorate General Sully's victory. The Fort Totten Indian reservation is also located here. Many hills or mounds from which countless relics have been taken for university and museum collections surround this lake.

That the surface of the lake has been considerably higher than it is now is shown by wave marks on trees. That it also has been much lower than it is at present is attested by trees which are submerged in it. During recent years the difference between high and low stages has averaged about four feet.

**A Bathing Beauty Pageant**

ATLANTIC CITY, New Jersey, with its famous board-walk skirting the ocean shore for several miles holds an annual pageant which is one of the great civic celebrations of America.

The week's fun begins with the arrival of King Neptune and his court of beauty, selected from the prettiest girls in that vicinity. Originally a gala occasion consisting of a one-day board-walk rolling chair parade, this celebration has been expanded to include an inter-city beauty contest—the leading cities of the country sending their prettiest girls from among whom the judges select the most charming girl in America.

The bather's revue brings aspirants for glory of feminine attractiveness together in competition for the title of the most beautiful bathing maid. The entire assemblage of bathing beauties is eyed by thousands of visitors while being judged by artists for both facial beauty and charm of form.

The rolling chair parade, consisting of hundreds of flower-bedecked and ingeniously decorated chairs and floats constructed on rolling chairs and carrying the leading beauties of the country, is a unique feature.

Then, there are great night carnivals, sea spectacles, fancy-dress balls and banquets galore. The winners of the several contests are finally judged in class for the awarding of the golden mermaid—emblematic of the beauty supremacy of the entire week.

**The Bad Lands**

IN SOUTHWESTERN North Dakota there is a wild and weird region, rich in romance, exciting in history, of unquestioned ugliness and saturated with interest that is markedly different from any other known section of the world's surface.

It extends about ninety miles north and south by about fourteen miles east and west and is called the Bad Lands—not because of lack of law and order, but because it is difficult to traverse.

The Little Missouri river has cut deep-sided canyons through it. Time and the elements have fashioned the region behind them into a labyrinth of smaller valleys, ridges, gullies, rugged hillsides, peaks and flat-topped buttes.

Underlying these lands were many beds of lignite coal. These burned out. The heat painted the rocks and mounds a profusion of colors. Many of the overhanging cliffs tumbled down. This resulted in a chaotic desolation and indescribable waste that is appalling.

In summer the streams dry up. Their sun-baked bottoms crack open. The spring floods turn these stream beds into swirling rivers. Their waters carry loose dirt and rock and erode the landscape into an endless variety of odd formations. Here and there slender columns of clay hold up great hunks of sandstone, rise hundreds of feet and look like monstrous toadstools. The bright sunlight intensifies this colorful combination, producing a picture that is beyond the imagination.

The Bad Lands have contributed many beautiful agates, crystals and fossil remains to museum collections in various parts of the world.

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**Immortal Author**

One of the greatest English poets of all time, John Milton, was born on December 9, 1608. He was famous for his prolific pen, his best known works being "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained."


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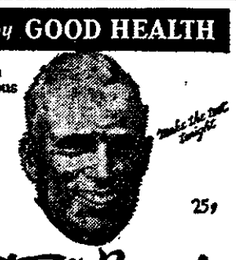

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